Vietnam—What Now? *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Mobilizing the Poor

Murray Kempton

Did Goldwater Lose? — *Daniel Bernd*

"Fear on Trial" — *Richard Elman*

On Leonard Woolf — *J. M. Edelstein*

Segregated Food — *James Ridgeway*

Spirits High & Low — *Stanley Kauffmann*

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

GOP Sliding Downhill

★ The opponents of that early New Dealer, Andrew Jackson, organized themselves in 1832 as the Whigs. They became the party of property and, in a happy moment in 1840, hit upon the device of nominating a war hero, simple, honest, elderly General Harrison. To make General Harrison's victory certain the Whigs adopted no platform at all. With a general to lead them, and no platform to divide them, they swept to a four-to-one victory, "with Tyler, too." Then General Harrison offered his supreme gift to his party. A month after delivering a preposterous inaugural address, he died.

What has this to do with 1964? Well, the Whigs found that a war hero wasn't quite enough. After four years they were out of office again. But in 1848 they were back with another general, Zachary Taylor. Still a third time they tried the trick, in 1852, with General Winfield Scott. But now the public was bored, and Scott's ideas were chauvinistic. He carried only four states.

And here's the point: after that, the Whig Party broke up. It blew away. A once great political party disappeared. It never nominated a serious Presidential contender again, because it was too divided.

This week the Republican governors meet for public soul-searchings at Denver. Until recently it seemed unthinkable that the GOP could disappear. But the party is in a slow decline. A military hero saved them for awhile, but look at the Gallup Poll. In 1940, 38 percent of the voters favored the GOP label (42 percent said "Democratic," 20 percent, "Independent"). In 1950 the GOP faithful were down to 33 percent and in 1960, to only 30 percent. They have been sliding downhill.

And in the past couple of weeks there is clear evidence of deeper trouble. The Birchites and other extremists aren't going to quit. They nominated Goldwater and he is grateful. He is going to resume his column, and keep conservatism alive. The happy Democrats may run against Goldwaterism for years.

You can't just take ideologists and segregationists into a party, you see, and then throw them out again with a wave of the hand. The extremists are jubilant. Others look at Goldwater's 26.7 million votes as a monstrous defeat; they look upon it as an unprecedented victory. A nationwide survey by *The New York Times* reveals this. Before Goldwater, they were just considered freaks; now they are entrenched inside a respectable national party. The GOP governors will be tempted not to denounce "extremism" at Denver. Well, if they will think back, it was the failure of their San Francisco convention last summer to denounce extremism that caused all the trouble.

The Money Managers

★ Before the Federal Reserve System was created in 1913, if a run started on one bank it was apt to spread to the next, and the next, and end up in a panic. Today it is not banks but nations that have runs. A "run" last week on the British pound caused almost instant need to bolster the US and Canadian dollar. Nothing illustrates better how much closer the Atlantic community is to a world society than this chain reaction, nor how inadequate our present institutions are.

The British have been living beyond their means, and their economy is in trouble. But under present conditions, if one nation gets into trouble it tries to save itself by exporting it to others. (Our "favorable" trade balance is the other fellow's "unfavorable" balance; the US exports more goods than it imports and this means that some other country probably imports "too much.") To meet the crisis Britain boosted interest rates to seven percent, and Washington and Ottawa immediately upped theirs in self-protection. Deflationary tight money (higher interest rates) is a brake on business and on employment. And so the idle teenage Negro on the street corner in Chicago is in some part victim of the miscalculations of the striped-pants money-managers in London.

Obviously, what is needed is some stronger world clearinghouse than the Bank of International Settlements, and some better world currency than dollars or sterling or even mystical gold. The West needs a "Federal Reserve System" of its own, and we had better hurry along with it, before we have an international cycle of higher tariffs and unemployment.

J. Edgar Hoover

★ We don't see how President Johnson can keep J. Edgar Hoover in office after his outburst against Martin Luther King, the Warren Report and the Supreme Court. He will be 70 in January and should step down. We have always considered Hoover an honest cop who hated criminals; like those old cavalry captains who felt that the only good Indian was a dead Indian. Good fighters; bad thinkers. Hoover became a sacred cow who outlived his Republican era. He should quit. On the other hand, there are a couple of deeper issues involved.

Basically the problem is, do we want a national police force? *Must* we have it? Hoover is against it, and there is a lot to be said for his position. Obviously, law enforcement should be a state and local matter. But what if Mississippi won't protect Negroes? You can see why the use of the FBI irks the old cop, even though you don't agree with him and dislike him. Hoover included in his blanket denunciation the Klan, the US Nazis, Robert Welch, the Minutemen, Southern "red neck" sheriffs and the federally-subsidized National Rifle Association, which lobbies against firearms control. (Every burglar in the country prays for the NRA.)

Well, we agree with Hoover about the NRA. A year ago a young American President was murdered. And what have we done? We have enacted no law of succession. And the slow task of disarming America hasn't begun.

The rifle that killed Kennedy, and the revolver that killed patrolman Tippit of Dallas, could be purchased as easily now as then, by mail order.

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Vietnam–What Now?

Barry Goldwater was censured during the election campaign for wanting to extend the Vietnam war. Now General Maxwell Taylor, the US Ambassador to Saigon, will try to sell the same plan to President Johnson in Washington this week. Goldwater said if he were President he would bomb routes over which supplies and reinforcements reach guerrilla fighters in South Vietnam, "wherever they may be, either by sea or most importantly through North Vietnam, Laos or Cambodia." General Taylor advises bombing points in North Vietnam and in Laos.

Whatever Mr. Johnson thinks today, he was opposed to such a scheme at the end of September. Talking in New Hampshire about retaliation in the Tonkin Gulf, he said the US had dropped bombs within 35 miles of the Chinese border, and added: "I don't know what you would think if they started dropping them 35 miles from your border, but I think that is something you have to take into consideration. So we are not going North and we are not going South. . . . Losing 190 lives in the period that we have been out there is bad, but it is not like 190,000 that we might lose the first month, if we escalated that war." Ambassador Taylor has been driven to more extreme proposals because the war which has been going badly for some time is now going very badly, with brawls in Saigon, falling morale and many army desertions. But erosion in the South did not strike President Johnson, in September, as being sufficient reason for attacking the North. He said then: "When a brigadier general can walk down the street of Saigon as they did the other day, and take over the police station, the radio station and the government without firing a shot, I don't know how much offensive we are prepared to launch."

Those who recommend extending the war have not satisfactorily explained how bombing Laotian jungle trails or North Vietnamese ports and training centers would stop the rot in Saigon, undermine the will of the Viet Cong or transform the soldiers of the South into an effective, winning force. Most of the guerrillas entered the South from the North years ago. They have survived and expanded their domain under the most adverse physical conditions and seem to have kept themselves amply supplied with modern weapons by capturing American arms from Saigon's army of 200,000 men. The guerrillas' fighting numbers have never been put much higher than 30,000. They are said by US officials to have highly skilled, selfless leaders, who

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get their military training in North Vietnam. Would bombing the North put an end either to that training or to the persistence of the Viet Cong?

The US is committed to helping the Saigon government stay alive and has been doing so for 10 years. Neither President Johnson nor his predecessors, however, have been committed to doing for the Vietnamese what they will not or cannot do for themselves. We have saddled the horse, led it to water, provided the water. Beyond that how far does loyalty and the US national interest require us to go? Now that the world knows from so authoritative a source as General Taylor that the military situation in South Vietnam apparently cannot be prevented from worsening without extending the war, then the logical alternative is to suggest to South Vietnam that it seek peace.

Neither the US nor the South Vietnamese government need sit down at a conference table with the blank feeling of having no cards in their hands. Quite to the contrary, the US is by far the strongest power in Asia as well as in the world, and the South Vietnamese authorities are in command of one of the largest armies.

The South Vietnamese army is still a considerable factor for use in political haggling. One of the barriers to a peace parley has been a feeling, amounting almost to an obsession, that Americans and their allies are no match for the wily Communists when it comes to bargaining, when they will inevitably be outwitted. It is difficult to understand such diffidence. The South Vietnamese government is not winning the war; but it has not yet lost it and the US ought certainly to try to exact a price for not extending it. A conference that succeeded in stopping the fighting would doubtless entail the phased withdrawal of US forces from South Vietnam. But this does not by any means imply that the US is bound, from the start and by the mere fact of agreeing to discussions, to withdraw its forces on any terms the Viet Cong or North Vietnam dictate.

The idea of a conference is to try to achieve a compromise settlement that is acceptable to all parties. That the military situation is deteriorating suggests the advisability of finding out about terms now rather than after the guerrillas have perhaps scored further successes with the ending of the rainy season. It does not, however, mean that the only choice now for the US or Saigon is unconditional surrender. The morale of the Viet Cong is currently high, but if they are prudent men they know that such things can change. North Vietnam has had a poor harvest and cannot be untouched by the drain on its slender resources of assisting a long-drawn civil war. To end the fighting is in their interests too, and they must be prepared to pay a price. So must the US and Saigon. The Viet Cong may reasonably demand their own inclusion in a new coalition government in Saigon. But their entry ought to be on terms that can be agreed to by the Buddhists and other elements of South Vietnam's varied political spectrum, few or none of whom are pro-Communist. If the Viet Cong agree to conditions that the other elements accept as not unreasonable, the staged withdrawal of US military forces from the country can be contingent on the Viet Cong keeping their word.

Any settlement that is reached ought to be backed up by both the US and China, and by as many other countries as can be persuaded to endorse it. It will be objected that once they are in the government and the last US soldier has left, the Viet Cong will do all in their power to weaken their rivals or liquidate them altogether, and that a determined attempt will be made to unify the North and South under a single, all-Communist government. The possibility certainly must be faced that at some point a neutralized, unified Vietnam will come into existence and may go Communist. That has to be weighed against the possible consequences of continuing the war and extending it to the North, thus risking an all-out confrontation with China. The latter risks are easier to assess than trying to predict how a Communist Vietnam would affect its neighbors or the US, or what its relations with China would be over the years. We have seen in countries like Poland and Yugoslavia, however, what diversities in cultural and national identities produce.

It is said that if the US pulls out of Vietnam, the Chinese Communists with their accomplices in Vietnam will sooner or later proceed to overrun Laos, Cambodia, Thailand and Malaysia. This is what Goldwater has continually hinted at; it is, at bottom, the argument for preventive war. But a preventive war with China has never been seriously considered by any responsible person in the Johnson, Kennedy or Eisenhower Administrations. And for a very good reason. No responsible government, and certainly no government in this nuclear age, goes to war on a guess that the other side might itself go to war at some future time. It is not unreasonable to imagine that with their immense problems of internal reconstruction both Vietnam and China would hesitate, at least during this decade, to undertake so hazardous an enterprise as the conquest of all of South Asia.

A US withdrawal from Vietnam would not be a US withdrawal from the Pacific. It is not suggested for instance that Thailand be abandoned. And there is substantial historical evidence that the Vietnamese, North and South, themselves have no wish to be under China's thumb and would struggle against that fate. Things no doubt have now gone too far for there to be any longer a "good" solution of the Vietnam war. But the possibilities ensuing from a compromise settlement in place of continued fighting may not be quite so black as they are customarily painted.

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The McNamara Cutback

For the fourth successive year, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara has plugged his ears to bipartisan howls and ordered the closing of a large number of military installations, 80 scattered among 33 states and 15 abroad, and from all three military services. They include supply, maintenance, repair and storage activities and also a few bomber and missile bases which the Secretary regards as expendable. There will be no reduction of combat troops.

Mr. McNamara's several programs for effecting large economies in defense expenditures, of which the shut-downs are one, have involved reorganization of departments to eliminate conspicuous duplication and administrative waste. They have called for an intensive combing-out of the procurement processes, such as cutting down on the cost-plus-fee contract and the negotiated contract (both principles still recognized as necessary in some of the more advanced adventures in technology) in favor of straight-out competition for business with larger promise of low prices and with incentive clauses providing a bonus for work better than agreed upon, and a deduction for inferior performance. These have been outstanding reforms, often sharply opposed at the outset.

The Secretary's November 19 order, like those in 1961, '62 and '63 has raised alarms not from the three services which endorsed it unanimously, but from the communities affected. The three earlier orders took 574 installations off the list, displaced 85,000 employees, and promised annual saving of $576 million. The mammoth nature of the new order is indicated by the fact that, involving only 95 sites, it is displacing 63,000 employees and promises savings of $477 million.

The new close-downs include two of the nation's 11 naval shipyards (Portsmouth, N. H., and Brooklyn, N. Y.) and the merged management of two in the San Francisco area; shifting work of the big wartime base terminal in Brooklyn to the nearby docks at Bayonne, N. J.; dropping six Air Force bomber-bases (the phasing out of older bombers and a number of early missile bases whose function is being taken over by the newer Minuteman ICBM). In all cases time is allowed for the community to make new and often better use of the land and buildings, and for the comfort of the displaced employees. These men will be retrained at government expense and kept on government pay and moved to other comparable work where practicable.

Experience with the three previous close-down orders provides confidence. Of 574 sites, disposition has already been made of 250, variously for local airports, for educational or health or recreational purposes or for industrial sites. However, New York City at least, is not convinced. It sent to Washington the Mayor, two Senators and one politically potent Senator-elect (with a governor and other Congressmen subsequently adding complaints) in an effort to dissuade Secretary McNamara. They failed. He remarked that of the 574 close-down orders of the previous three years not one had been rescinded, and he regarded the present 95 orders as "irrevocable."

This calls for large qualities in a Defense Secretary. None of his predecessors dared take such mighty steps. "Politics" forbade it. Fortunately Secretary McNamara cares too little for politics to be scared.

Krebiozen Scandal

Since being introduced to the world 13 years ago in a press conference that violated the medical custom of discreet ventilation in professional journals of new drugs, everything about the alleged anti-cancer Krebiozen has been unorthodox. Now the government claims that Krebiozen is a fraud and that its promoters told blatant lies about patients' progress (one they said was alive and well had been dead for six years).

Krebiozen was "discovered" by Dr. Steven Durovic, a Yugoslav political refugee, and was promoted by him and Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, a noted medical scholar who was vice president of the University of Illinois. Their persistent refusal to accept their medical colleagues' negative verdict on Krebiozen angered the profession. Ivy and Durovic retorted to charges that the drug was worthless by cries of "conspiracy" and gathered a small but understandably vociferous band of supporters among cancer victims who believe their lives depend on continuing doses of the drug.

In the beginning Durovic was somewhat furtive about his operations and Ivy trusted him chiefly because Krebiozen, supposedly produced from the blood of horses, fitted a theory of Ivy that the human body contains an anti-cancer substance that could be extracted and used in treatment. The rest of the profession did not share Ivy's view, though research on similar lines has recently come into fashion. But other medical researchers were put off by such aspects of Krebiozen as that Durovic alone knew how the substance was manufactured, and no one at all knew its chemical nature. It was also felt that Ivy and Durovic had violated medical ethics by testing the substance on human patients before more was known about it.

Perhaps the most astonishing and disquieting aspect of the case is that only after a decade of inconclusive bickering did two federal agencies take a belated interest. In 1963 the Food and Drug Administration said, after nine months' investigation, that Krebiozen was the common laboratory chemical, creatine. Shortly after, an expert committee assembled by the Public

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Health Service to review the medical records of Ivy's 504 "best cases" concluded they showed no evidence that Krebiozen was of value against cancer. But there has never been the one thing that Ivy and Durovic campaigned for all along, an actual controlled test of the drug on human patients. The scientists and government officials involved have declared their unwillingness to deprive patients of standard treatment in order to test a drug lacking solid evidence that it works. This would make more sense if the standard treatment in fact offered any real hope to advanced cancer victims, or if experimentation with drugs of unproved value were not already widely practiced. The federal grand jury's indictment means that the arguments about Krebiozen will be heard in court by men and women who are not scientists.

Segregated Food at the Supermarket

"What people spend their money on are the psychological differences, brand images permitting them to express their individuality," says Dr. Ernest Dichter, the well-known motivational expert. "When the Grand Union Markets labeled their peaches as 'gorgeous' and the co-ops called theirs 'reasonably good,' the housewife chose those sold by Grand Union. She had been trained by several decades to apply the same psychological disbelief to both statements. In other words, she felt that the Grand Union peaches were probably fairly good and that the peaches sold in the co-op stores were probably poor. Our recommendation to the co-op stores was to bring their labeling into line with the prevailing procedure of dramatization in order to meet the claims of the competition. . . ."

When asked by a member of the Senate antitrust and monopoly subcommittee, to whom Dr. Dichter was explaining these modern marketing methods, what he thought was the more accurate description of the peaches, he said, "reasonably good." He agreed that some people might regard as dishonest the practice of calling reasonably good peaches gorgeous, but said he preferred to view such labeling as "dramatizing honesty." Others might call it debasing the language.

The packaging techniques that Dr. Dichter extols make picking among 8,000 items in a supermarket tricky going. College-educated women recruited by a California survey were given $10 each and told to select from 14 basic packaged commodities on the basis of the largest quantity for the least price. The women failed to get most for the least in about half the purchases and took up to one hour to do the shopping.

The "truth-in-packaging" legislation, which Senator Philip Hart (D, Mich.) promises to push hard next year probably would make shopping easier. It would require manufacturers of foods and household items to state the net weight of contents on the package's front panel in a type of specified prominence, thereby extending the housewife the same protection now offered her husband when he buys a bottle of liquor. It would also quash such slogans as "Giant Half Quart" or the "Big Six Ounces," and forbid "cents-off" come-ons by manufacturers. (No one ever has been able to figure cents-off of what.) The government also would get authority to standardize packages and ban deceptive looking ones.

Shopping is an inconvenience to many, but it is a nightmare for a poor person who must make a little money go a long way, while weaving through the dreamed-up package slogans and occasionally contending with a retailer trying to palm off old eggs or elderly butter. This is a subject that bothers Mrs. Esther Peterson, the President's adviser on consumer affairs. My friends who live in bum sections of town complain bitterly about the supermarkets. And so on a recent Saturday I set off with half a dozen other people to make an informal survey of a large Washington supermarket chain's operations. I wanted to see whether the same quality goods were stocked in both the well-to-do and poor sections of the city, and whether, as I had heard, the poor pay more for inferior food.

In brief, the findings were these: Large stores with big turnovers in poor neighborhoods stocked a variety and quality of food comparable to that in stores in the most elegant neighborhoods. But in the numerous small stores of the chain, located in run-down sections of the city, whether white or Negro, the quality of perishable items diminished. The least expensive brands of some packaged goods were likely to be missing; in several instances, prices actually were higher.

Small branches of supermarkets are important in Washington as in other cities, for very often they are the only stores in a neighborhood. Where there are small corner groceries, the supermarket usually competes favorably. And it must be said that while some leave much to be desired, they are generally more pleasant places to shop than the small groceries.

In one cluttered little supermarket located in a down-at-the-heels section of northeast Washington, a good many food items (dried beans, sugar, lard, various

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vegetables, ice cream) carried no price tag. Nor did any baby food. I wanted to buy a two-pound box of granulated sugar. It was unmarked. The manager, who knew I was taking a survey, said it cost 27 cents. The checker charged 30 cents. One margarine brand was marked two packets for 55 cents. But as I was writing this down, the manager rushed up and said the price was wrong, it actually was selling for 53 cents, he hadn't had time to re-mark the packets. In other larger stores of this same chain, this brand of margarine all was marked two for 53 cents. In appearance the meat was not comparable with that displayed in fashionable Georgetown or downtown sections of the city. The beef was brown at the edges. Packages of jaded-looking hamburger were priced at 59 cents a pound – 10 cents more than hamburger in a large downtown store of the same chain. And the latter was red and fresh looking.

In checking meat prices in three markets of the same chain in this section of the city, one woman recently discovered she could buy ground chuck for 65 cents a pound in two small stores in Negro neighborhoods. The same meat sold for 55 cents a pound at a new large store in a white middle-class area.

In the big stores of this chain attractively displayed fresh packages of beef all bore little stickers stating they are US Department of Agriculture "choice." (Choice is a government grade, second to prime which is the top.) The beef in poorer sections carried no such labels, although on many cuts the prices were the same. This led one woman to believe she was paying a high price for inferior meat. She called the headquarters of the chain, and there was assured that nothing but choice or prime cuts were stocked in all stores, and that the manager of her store merely had run out of his little "choice" stickers. This was news to the woman, who had shopped in the store for a year and never once remembers seeing any sticker on any piece of meat. The mystery of the stickers remains unsolved, as does the mystery of where the old-looking meat sold in the small stores comes from. Perhaps these stores have a small turnover and it simply has sat there for a long time. Some Negroes who refuse to buy it, say it really is leftover, shipped from chic stores which must stock fresh to meet the demands of well-heeled customers. Although this is a widespread suspicion, there is no proof for it.

There was a significant difference in the variety and quality of fresh fruits and vegetables between stores in middle-class neighborhoods and those in the poorer sections of the city. Prices were usually the same. But in a store in a poor neighborhood, the lettuce would be wilted, the apples bruised, the green peppers shriveled. When prices differed, they were higher in poor neighborhoods. For instance, apples recently sold at 19 cents a pound in a large store in a good neighborhood; they cost 25 cents a pound in a small store in a run-down section.

Like most other cities, Washington doesn't require dairy products to be marked with a date after which they are considered bad and can't be sold. Nonetheless, the chain I checked marks its products with a code so it can keep track of them. Most of the milk in all the stores was well within the expiration date, though in one unpleasant small store in a Negro neighborhood milk sat in the display case that was six days beyond the expiration date set by the company. Eggs were a couple of days beyond their expiration date, and packages of margarine five months old were on display.

In a number of stores in poor neighborhoods, the cheapest items were not in stock. They would be out of the least expensive kind of butter, grape jelly, flavored gelatin and catsup. Many of the packaged goods were stocked in the smallest sizes, but this is probably because most of the people who shop there do not have the money to buy the large size, which over the long run would be cheaper.

Senator Hart's packaging legislation isn't going to solve the difficulties in these poor neighborhoods. The National Commission on Food Marketing recently established to look into some of these chain store operations, may shed a little light on retail pricing practices, although its primary purpose seems to be to find out why farmers aren't getting more for their goods. In Washington, the poverty program may experiment with setting up complaint centers in poor neighborhoods where people can come when they feel they have had unfair treatment. But since one of the troubles in chain stores in poor neighborhoods is that customers aren't willing to stand up to the store managers, it might be useful to put home economists in these stores to help people on tight budgets buy wisely and perhaps in the process get them to vary their diets. A home economist, familiar with the buying habits of the neighborhood, could well advise the store manager on his stocking procedures – it would mean better business for him – and could tartly remind him about the quality of meat, fruits and vegetables when need be.

Many of the people in these neighborhoods, however, live hand to mouth, purchasing tiny containers of food from corner grocery stores where they can get a little credit. The Washington poverty people are keen to get going credit unions so that low-income families can get enough money to shop more economically. But unless supermarkets in some of these areas change their policies, it might be best to bypass them altogether. Family groups could buy more cheaply, and get better food by going directly to the wholesaler – or they could be taken free in buses to more expensive neighborhoods, to buy cheaply.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

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Did Goldwater Lose?

by Daniel Bernd

If we follow John Buchan's dictum that the politician must be satisfied with the success that stops short of total victory, then it must be allowed that Goldwater won the election. We have been far too eager to explain away Goldwater as an amiable hobbyist who got hold of something he didn't really want, a country-club type who couldn't understand what he was up to. The liberal habit of mind is not very receptive to conspiracy theories of history in any case – we leave that to the little, old sneaker set – and we are reluctant to admit that the election was a *planned* debacle.

We can believe that a man might not really want to be President, yes, but it is extremely difficult for us to understand that a Senator may be indifferent to votes, not because he values rectitude more than power, but because he is contemptuous of the votes themselves. Our last two Republican Presidents disliked politics and distrusted politicians, but they suffered only from a cloistered virtue and sheer ignorance, not from meanness of spirit. One wished to admire Hoover and Eisenhower because they were genuinely good men, and our impulse is to extend our admiration to the current loser. As they keep saying, a man who gets 26 million votes must have something. I suggest that he had a very clear notion of what he wanted and that he got it.

It is a mistake to think that he shared the simple dream of having all the liberals in one party and all the conservatives in the other. What Goldwater wanted was something much more impressive – all the people who could be trusted to distrust the electoral processes solidly with him, and the hell with all the rest. That polarization has always been an inherent danger, but up to now we have never had a major candidate who considered it not a danger but an opportunity.

We have not understood Goldwater because we did not realize that he was playing a different game than we were – not win the election, but change the rules so that elections don't count. From the acceptance speech to the concession telegram, Goldwater spoke in a code we could not crack because we thought that, whatever he said, it was at least in the common language of politics. We thought Goldwater was making the classic Republican error of mistaking his audience, of forgetting he was speaking to the nation, not to the red-hots in front of him. But Goldwater was no Willkie, losing women's votes by making cracks about Frances Perkins to businessmen; he knew exactly to whom he spoke.

Consider the atmosphere of the Republican National Convention. There have been plenty of stacked conventions in American history, but none before that so delighted in humiliating the losers. Again we are wrong if we think the booing of Rockefeller, the open contempt for the Negro delegates, were the excesses of bumptious amateurs, finding themselves winners by default in a hopeless year. No, these actions were signals to the true believers watching on television that finally the politics of no-compromise was here. "Extremism in the defense of liberty" was Goldwater's promise that he would keep the faith, that at last a hero had appeared who would not sully the Republic by seeking votes.

Consider also the effect of this kind of appeal. If you believe that a large proportion of the people of the United States are Communists or their agents, including most Democrats and one Republican President, then it must be obvious that rescue at the polls is not only unlikely, but irrelevant. If you believe that ballots have given us the sick society, you will not prescribe more ballots as the cure. The bullets of the Minutemen are perfectly consistent with their conception of the state of the nation. It is Goldwater's genius that he has been able to draw into a political party those elements most disdainful of politics, and he did it by more or less open promises to remold the party in their image. Eisenhower got votes by making appeals for non-politics, but all Eisenhower wanted was the votes, and he cared not about the party. Goldwater, by contrast, wanted the party – not as a group organized to win elections, but as a group organized to exert power in a more direct fashion. The mandate Goldwater received from the voters was for a program not realizable through legislative means. Not laws, but the hearts of men are for Goldwater the true source of power, and he wants no government to stand between them.

When Goldwater implied that the Vietnam crises were put-up jobs, for the first time in modern American politics a candidate publicly embraced the devil theory of history. Goldwater cannot be so stupid as to think Johnson would arrange to have American sol-

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diers killed in order to win an election, but he evidently does not mind manipulating the people who *are* stupid enough to believe it.

One reason we have survived so well as a nation is that our system insures that no man will be elected President who will not do his best by the country. This was as true of Grant as it was of Roosevelt and would have been true of Nixon had he been elected. Goldwater's crime lies in his attempt to rend the *consensus gentium* that all candidates must be assumed to be patriots. His purpose becomes, not to win elections but to prevent, as far as possible, the winner from governing. If you tell the people of the United States their President is a conspirator and impure of heart, you are saying they need not respect his right to govern nor the system that gave him that right.

Most candidates say things during campaigns they are later ashamed of, but they never attempt to exclude from their party all those who cannot be depended upon to believe the absurd. Wendell Willkie's appointment of Joseph Martin in 1940 as his campaign manager was naïve, but much more in the spirit of our politics than Goldwater's cold-blooded purge of the Republican National Committee in 1964.

The predilection of the right-wing loonies to weave patterns of conspiracy out of the most wildly improbable materials should not blind us to certain consistencies in Goldwater's behavior. We must consider the possibility that his now-he-means-it-now-he-doesn't stands on TVA, nuclear weapons and Social Security were planned razzle-dazzle to give us something to criticize that he didn't care about. We were foolish in spending our time searching out his inconsistencies of policy, when we should have been looking for his consistencies of motive.

Consider the record of the campaign as it developed: the loyalty oaths for delegates, the vote against the civil rights bill, the rigged platform committee, the abuse of Rockefeller, the picking of the lightweight Miller as Vice Presidential candidate, the invitation to extremists and the scorning of moderates in the acceptance speech, the attack upon the press, the recruitment of Strom Thurmond, the phony issue of morality in government, the smarmy references to Walter Jenkins while pretending not to mention him, the refusal to hold press conferences, the refusal to spend money in the last week of the campaign, the concession telegram that did not concede, the praise of Dean Burch for ending the campaign in the black, the denial of defeat, the official fantasy that the Republican moderates caused the defeat.

It is difficult to see how Goldwater could have lost more votes. When a man does *everything* wrong, the explanation of incompetence does not serve, for no such incompetent could win a nomination in the first place. The theory that Goldwater meant to do what he did explains a lot more facts than the theory of blunder. Are we to assume that Goldwater can't count, and thus traded Middle-Western votes that were his for the asking for white Southern votes not worth having? In election after election, Middle-Westerners have seized upon almost any excuse to vote Republican, but Goldwater wouldn't even give them a pretext. His speeches on farm policy were so ludicrously inappropriate that he must have meant them.

Many candidates must have had secret qualms at the thought of being President, but no other man so openly didn't care. One cannot fairly say that no other candidate has toyed with the idea of swapping national power for party power, but no other candidate had the chance of making it work. We are faced with a curious paradox: we have just elected the most liberal Congress in 25 years, and have just given a President committed to liberal legislation the clearest mandate ever, yet never before have we been in greater danger from the right-wing, not even, I would suggest, during the McCarthy era.

The paradox arises partially out of the hyperbolic effect on politics of the population increase. There probably are no more political birdbrains per thousand

"Eureka! We Came Out Ahead!"

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in our country than there ever were (probably fewer), but in absolute numbers, five or ten percent of the voters is an enormous minority, especially when they flock together in places like Orange County, California. To complicate the paradox, the mass society is peculiarly vulnerable to individual influence. Just a few vicious gossips on the telephone can upset a whole community. Never has it been so easy for a disciplined minority to drown out the voice of reason with sheer noisemaking. The Jeffersonian assumption that the informed citizen will make the right decisions did not take account of mass communications.

I believe that Goldwater's success is largely due to his Iago-like willingness to evoke certain black responses that lurk below the rational surfaces of our politics. Our fear of Goldwater's itchy finger on the Doomsday button was well justified, for he had already pulled the trigger of a moral weapon as powerful as a nuclear bomb. Mephistopheles' description of himself as "I am the Spirit which always denies" is chillingly apt when applied to Goldwater. Like Mephistopheles, he tempts us with raw, irresponsible power – the power that recognizes no law but "I want." If the "I want" is the desire of Mississippi whites to murder Negroes, then Goldwater provides the principle of states' rights to excuse them for failing to suppress race hatred. The glazed-eyeball loyalty of the Goldwaterites is the cost of his priceless gift to them: the release from conscience. The campaign issue of morality in government proved almost useless as a vote-getter, but that was hardly its intent. "Morality" serves only too well as the issue for those who desperately want absolution from responsible citizenship. In their hearts they knew he was right, because he appealed to the heart – not to principle, not to law, not to justice, not to decency, not to charity, but to the naked ignorant heart, the unrestricted will. As Mephistopheles puts it,

> "Only look down on knowledge and reason,
> The highest gifts that men can prize,
> Only allow the spirit of lies
> To confirm you in magic and illusion,
> And then I have you body and soul."
> – *Faust*, Part I

We still must ask ourselves why Goldwater would want to lose in a way that denies the premises of politics. I think Goldwater chose to lose big because he understood that he had little chance of winning, and, more important, he realized that if he did win, he could not govern – he could not alter the federal system to serve his interests (he said as much during the campaign). What we see, then, is a man playing not the game of win the election, but the much deadlier game of rule or ruin. Goldwater could see what the liberals missed: that the prize of election is not the government but the strong, monolithic party that can be used to blackmail government. Western money, with its grinding sense of inferiority to Eastern money, has found the way of making a virtue out of crudity. They have chosen the power to threaten and bully over the power of due process. Their fantasies envisage a world where they can intimidate a government into doing their will (after all McCarthy managed it for awhile), a world where the Negroes, the poor, the Ivy Leaguers, the intellectuals, the foreigners, will have to jump to their tune. It is an ugly world they live in, but we are mistaken if we think it not a possible one. From the Bircher cops using false arrest as a political weapon to the pretty housewives slandering the school librarian, they know what they want and they think they know how to get it. The liberal triumphs of 1964 will come to nothing if we misinterpret and underrate them.

Why Not Victory? (Next Time)

"I don't feel the conservative cause has been hurt; 26 million is a lot of votes and a lot of people dedicated to the concept of conservatism."
– BARRY GOLDWATER.

"A great, thrilling [conservative] awakening in eight years. We can more than double that number in the next four years." – DAN SMOOT.

"One can say, then, that the election resulted in the defeat not of conservatism, but of the Republican Party." – GERHART NIEMEYER.

"Freedom was not allowed to come to a vote."
– MAJOR GENERAL EDWIN A. WALKER.

"If one million can convince 26 million in four months, they can surely convince eight million more in two years and clean house in Congress in 1966."
– *Liberty Lowdown.*

"It seemed that the country was not quite ready for Goldwater." – GOVERNOR TIM BABCOCK (R, Mont.)

"Rather than being terribly injured by its defeat on November 3, the Republican Party now has prospects of strength and success unknown to it for a generation." – RUSSELL KIRK.

"We are not going to have a free election in 1968."
– ROBERT BOLIVAR DEPUGH, leader of *Minutemen.*

"[The campaign] cannot be considered a defeat for conservative philosophy." – SENATOR JOHN TOWER.

"Conservatism wasn't defeated in this election; it was hardly even debated." – F. CLIFTON WHITE, chairman, Citizens for Goldwater.

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When You Mobilize the Poor

by Murray Kempton

New York City

How short a time ago it was when every aspiring slum envied Manhattan's lower East Side the riches of Mobilization For Youth. The federal government had granted Mobilization $8 million, New York City $3 million and Ford Foundation $2 million for a three-year effort to discover how much of the blight of urban poverty might be erased by the efforts of the poor themselves.

Three-fifths of this $13 million went into job training and work projects for the unemployed young and into special efforts to improve an education system which leaves some 60 percent of the lower East Side's Puerto Rican school children three years behind the normal reading level by the time they reach the eighth grade. But these were orthodox remedies, to be noticed and envied only for the size of the dosage in a 67-block area. Mobilization has devoted the rest of its budget to a variety of other services, among them a staff of lawyers for welfare clients; a housing unit which keeps a register of those landlords who offend most against the comfort of their tenants; and a group of organizers whose duty it is to advise and assist lower East Siders in joining to change their lives by using the power the poor have rarely known they had. Mobilization quite badly describes the object of this last, its community action program, as "to teach the means of social protest." The unhappy experience of Principal Irving Rosenblum of New York's Public School 140 was one of its consequences.

In the summer of 1963, 10 of the lower East Side's Puerto Rican women formed Mobilization of Mothers (MOMS). MOMS began with the complaint that the neighborhood schools were failing their children. Mobilization gave them the assistance of one of its neighborhood workers. Together they induced Principal Rosenblum to meet with them on October 1.

Principal Rosenblum may have been disturbed at the presence of a group of persons who had appeared outside the conventional structure of the Parents' Association. "Look at how hard it is for me to talk to you," one of the mothers remembered him as going on. "Most of you don't understand what I am saying. Imagine how difficult it is, then, for a teacher to handle a class full of children who can't speak English."

Their meeting is said to have ended with the ladies shouting at Rosenblum and him shouting back. Afterward, the MOMS drew up a petition to the Board of Education, demanding that Rosenblum be removed because "his handling of minority groups indicates his inability and incompetence as an educator."

It was, of course, hard for Principal Rosenblum not to blame the Mobilization For Youth worker. "You can't give a child a bomb and walk off and disclaim the results of the explosion," Rosenblum said. He took his grievance to his nearest brother principals and together they issued in January a demand for an investigation of Mobilization For Youth, because its workers had become "full-time paid agitators and organizers for extremist groups."

Teaching social protest is most of what is new about Mobilization For Youth. It also, among more tangible things, teaches the unemployed drop-out how to dress when he applies for a job. That is useful knowledge, and so is the training in gas station service at the model garage donated by the Shell Oil Company, and the sewing classes with equipment donated by the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. But these are old-fashioned ways of improving the poor and Dr. Richard Cloward, Mobilization's research director, sins most against tradition when he so frankly argues that they will fail.

Mobilization can be proud, of course, that 119 of its 157 on-the-job trainees had found places in private industry last July. But everything that is tangible is on this small a scale and in continual conflict with reality. Mobilization had thought, for example, of using the unemployed to repair dilapidated buildings; but if they do, their landlords could, under the law, raise the rent $20 a month – "a hardship for some tenants." Mobilization can also work through ordinary channels of civic redress: its housing-service unit processes complaints to the building department, one city agency with which Mobilization seems to preserve a pleasant relationship. Still, the results of adherence to ordinary city procedures do not encourage much: "the average wait for cases examined by the building department was almost five months – almost 90 percent of the leaky and unplastered ceilings and walls and floors remained unrepaired."

The $1,260,000 Mobilization allots the Board of Education for special services for schools cannot really be measured for results. Devoted as they are, the lower

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East Side's teachers suffer from an environmental gap between themselves and their Spanish pupils. One Mobilization project pays a teacher $11.50 for a two-hour visit to any pupil's home. The offer has drawn disappointingly few acceptances. "A number of the teachers said they were afraid to go into these houses," one Mobilization professional reported. "That seemed to us sad, because welfare workers go there all the time and never worry."

The conventional devices of social adjustment have had results scanty enough, then, to reinforce the original interest of Mobilization's staff members in social protest. The main hope of Mobilization's more intense staff members is, in Cloward's words, to "organize the unaffiliated – to overturn the *status quo* and replace it with a higher level of stability, without delinquents, alcoholism or drug addiction."

The community action program which is their main instrument for teaching protest has changed the lower East Side hardly at all, yet the little it has done has affronted almost every city agency, from the police to the Department of Public Welfare. Mobilization is almost a public agency itself: Mayor Robert Wagner is its honorary chairman and Police Commissioner Murphy sits with 12 other city officials on its 62-member board. But in the past year Mobilization For Youth has given advice and financial assistance to the Council of Puerto Rican Organizations, which has a committee on police brutality; it has organized a Negro action group, of whose status as "the focal point of the Negro revolution" it is proud; it has helped develop the lower East Side rent strike. It is, then, at war with what is established, which means that it is inevitably at war with city agencies and the courts. Its program helps the citizen by harassing his local government.

Cops and the News

Mobilization's first troubles came in August, 1963, when a group of its workers mustered a lower East Side delegation to the March on Washington. Because Mobilization is supported by federal funds, the FBI conducted an investigation of their part in a ceremony to which President Kennedy had been invited. The Bureau checked the roster of Mobilization's 300 staff members and seems to have determined that 32 percent of them had once had connections with organizations on its subversive list.

Thereafter, nothing of substance intruded on public attention until the January outburst from the school principals, who were strong in rhetoric but weak in muscle. Last summer, however, Mobilization seems to have affronted the police, an enemy with no pretensions to rhetoric, but enormous muscle.

An off-duty policeman named Thomas Gilligan last July shot a Negro student during a disturbance outside a summer school and produced a weekend of rioting in Harlem. One source of inflammation was a poster widely distributed in Harlem with Gilligan's portrait and the label "Wanted for Murder," which the police, incorrectly as it turned out, thought had been printed in Mobilization For Youth's print shop. And a source of continual annoyance to the Department was the increased public demand for an independent civilian board to review complaints of excessive force by policemen, which Mobilization's directors supported with a resolution.

A few weeks later, the *New York Daily News* published the first of a series of exposures of Mobilization For Youth as a focus of subversion. Their inspiration seemed rather clearly the Police Department's Bureau of Special Services, which has custody of the files on such matters. Mayor Wagner ordered an investigation. A few weeks ago, having waited the interval necessary to prevent the issue's becoming useful to Barry Goldwater's campaign, City Council President Paul Screvane, as chairman of the Mayor's Anti-Poverty Operations Board, handed down his findings, coldly unfriendly in tone but scanty as evidence of serious scandal. The city's report had little to find about the Communists and much, rather unfortunately exaggerated, to find about Mobilization For Youth Director James McCarthy's abuse of his expense account. It may very well be that America needs withdrawal clinics for Diners' Club members more than it does for narcotics addicts. But poor, unfortunate McCarthy had in any case already quit Mobilization. Screvane's charges were an indication of how much official New York enjoys catching out men who so insistently contrast their zeal with official sloth. Screvane suggested the city put its grant on a month-to-month basis and await Mobilization's reform.

Mobilization itself struggles to investigate the charges against its staff workers and to make a dignified peace with official New York. The only employee eligible for trial turned out to be an open member of the Trotskyist Socialist Workers Party; his hearing proceeds slowly and seems likely to end with his clearance. The Republicans in the state legislature began their own investigation before the election turned them out of control. Senator John Marchi, their chairman, seems determined to use the two months left him calling witnesses and reading the worst into Mobilization's action leaflets. As a consequence of all these things, George Brager, Mobilization's new director, estimates that he spends 90 percent of his time dealing with the charges against his agency. Every level of Mobilization seems equally distracted; the attack has diverted all its passions to the defense.

There are false signs of ultimate improvement. The

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other day Secretary of Labor Wirtz and Acting Attorney General Katzenbach both extended high praise to Mobilization For Youth. These are valuable friends, but they are far away. Mobilization's front is New York; the government it disturbs is city and not federal. The power to police the poor is a local police power. It is hard to see how Mobilization, groggy as it is, can ever recapture its original hope of challenging and upsetting the appointed local order.

Factors in Their Own Destiny

The important quarrels are between good men. This one is best defined by the confrontation between Welfare Commissioner James Dumpson and Edward V. Sparer, Director of Mobilization's legal service unit. Sparer's prime function is as a lawyer for persons on public relief, and we have been raised to believe that an object of charity does not argue with the society which dispenses it. The New York welfare system is by now so refined that it allots 48 bobby pins a year to every unemployed woman, and nine haircuts to every unemployed man. There is no such precision in the definition of the rights of its clients; they are ruled by the discretion of welfare workers who, in the best of cases, are under continual reminders to keep costs down. Dumpson has estimated that a million persons in New York are poverty stricken; yet in 1961, his Department rejected more than 40 percent of the applications for public assistance.

New York has long been afflicted with public complaints of vast immigrations of the indigent for no purpose except to get on relief. In 1961, its legislature finally passed a "Welfare Abuses" Act which would deny benefits to any person who came to New York with the primary purpose of getting on public assistance. Commissioner Dumpson had vigorously opposed the law, but once it was passed, he set vigorously to enforce it. In the Act's first 10 months, 2,730 migrants were denied relief on the findings that they had come here looking for it. The burden of proof was on them.

Last year, Sparer took the case of a Puerto Rican family which had been refused assistance under the Welfare Abuse Law and won it before the State Board of Social Welfare. He says that he believes that as many as 2,700 of the first 2,730 ineligibles would also have won their cases if there had been lawyers to help them.

Dumpson is an enlightened Welfare Commissioner. Yet his caseworkers, Sparer reports, occasionally descend on a dependent mother in the early morning hours on the chance of catching a man on the premises. Until now there has been almost no litigation to raise public welfare to the level Katzenbach describes as justice rather than charity. There is, for example, a serious question whether welfare residence laws are constitutional, but no lawyer has ever brought a case. We are a society where rights are defined by adversary proceedings in court. The welfare client, having not before had many lawyers, has not until now had rights. His appearance with counsel is not a prospect to make the best Welfare Commissioner happy; and Mr. Dumpson is plainly unhappy with the legal services unit of Mobilization For Youth.

A further inconvenience attendant upon Mobilization's attitude toward the poor is demonstrated by its policy of seeking residents of the neighborhood and employing them as community workers. It has so far hired 40 of this class it calls "the low-paid nonprofessional worker." An extreme but nonetheless actual instance of the sort of volunteer Mobilization encourages to assume community leadership is Mr. N, described in its last annual report: "He has recruited over 50 other Puerto Rican families and involved them in different groups. He started as a somewhat shy and retiring man and now is able to work with great effectiveness to interest Puerto Rican people in community action. He has gotten people to go on the March on Washington, to canvass during the voter registration campaign, and to help organize buildings for the rent strike. He has been a widower for over 10 years and has raised four children by himself. The 13-year-old boy has been suspended from one school, is now going to be suspended from another. The 16-year-old boy had not attended school for over a year when we came to the block; he was constantly high on dope and liquor – I have gone with him through every process of getting his working papers. The older boy, 20, has been in trouble and was on probation when we got to the block – we helped him get into the Mobilization For Youth work program."

The lady chairman of the delegation which so distressed Principal Rosenblum is "a mother of seven who lived on the sixth floor of a tenement with neither elevator nor telephone."

It must be difficult for normal public officials to entertain community leaders of this description. Mobilization For Youth has taken the risk of treating the poor as factors in their own destiny. How high a risk that was we can see from Mobilization's present troubles.

The federal and city governments and a great private foundation joined in Mobilization's huge grant because they wanted an experiment in engaging and changing the social pattern of poverty. The lesson, we must assume, would be learned not from old ways Mobilization used, whose results were worthy but modest, but from the new ones whose results were disturbance and are now hostility from every instrument of organized local society.

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Deciphering the Cigarette Code

For as long as persons recently arrived at smoking age can remember, America's cigarette companies – whose combined ad expenditures come to considerably more than $200 million a year – have been issuing press releases signed by paid employees reminding us that the evidence on lung cancer is not all in yet, and that air pollution is unhealthy. A year ago, however, the tobacco industry had its imagination activated by the Surgeon General's unstartling yet unsettling report affirming that, yes, there certainly does appear to be a connection between smoking and lung cancer. In May, the six manufacturers who produce 99 percent of the cigarettes burned up in this country made public a Cigarette Advertising Code; and in June they appointed Robert B. Meyner, former Governor of New Jersey, to administer it, giving him a reported $50,000 a year for the part-time job.

It's a poor trade these days that doesn't have a Code of its own. The NAM has one; the AMA, of course, has always had one; public relations counselors frame copies of *their* Code and hang them up in their outer offices. As for Code administrators, they come under private enterprise's compensation plans for not-extremely-successful politicians. Pierre Salinger had hardly finished reading the returns in California before the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters was offering him $100,000 a year to be their leader, and Kenneth Keating was being described as the next baseball czar in mid-campaign.

The Governor isn't saying much about his new position right now except that he believes firmly that industry should regulate itself, that you wouldn't ask Earl Warren to comment on *his* decisions before he made them, would you? and that he smokes more today than when he took the job. In a suite of offices on the thirtieth floor of the New York Life Building, which commands a fine view of the lower end of Manhattan Island and both rivers, he and six associates are reviewing all existing advertising in preparation for a "target date" early in 1965. Then the full power of his office will descend on straying companies. Code breakers are subject to a fine of up to $100,000, it says here.

The Code deals mainly with the two sets of appeals that have drawn the hottest attacks on cigarette advertisers for several years – appeals to the young and to people who would rather not get cancer. Several of its provisions are perfectly clear – no more ads in college papers, no more testimonials by athletes. Probably there will be no more scenes of tanned smokers around a swimming pool.

Then there are the Code provisions that have been included for show: No commercials on programs directed "primarily" to persons under 21. Unfortunately, most homes have but a single living room, and you can't expect the kids to go sit in the kitchen while you watch the Beverly Hillbillies. From now on models used in cigarette ads have to be 25 years old and look it – on the reasoning, I guess, that teenagers aren't impressed by good-looking 28-year-olds, or 38-year-olds. And it shall never again be represented that smoking is "essential" to social success or sexual attraction.

Finally, there is the large area of health claims, left mainly to the wisdom of the Administrator. Savor the language: "The inclusion in cigarette advertising of reference to the presence or absence of a filter, or the description or depiction of a filter, shall not be deemed a representation with respect to health unless the advertising including such reference, description or depiction, shall be determined by the Administrator to constitute, through omission or inclusion, a representation with respect to health."

If so, the Administrator must then decide whether it is a "significant" health claim. He may order the advertiser to add a disclaimer.

Now, the presence of a filter has unquestionably constituted a health claim since the early 1950's, and with all deference to Governor Meyner, he cannot make a sensible determination of whether it is "significant in terms of health" because nobody knows whether it is. Maybe what the filter takes out is harmful. Maybe what it leaves in is harmful. And what about that hint of mint? Isn't it a hint of health too? Otherwise, the popularity of menthol is a terrible reflection on the American palate. And isn't that trim-looking couple, albeit not identifiable athletes, getting across a teeny health message? Who's going to use sickly models?

The Code is a piece of etiquette, like the rules of war in more innocent times – and welcome as such. It is a civilized move, which may spare the nation some hokum about health and overly energetic plays for the beginning smoker. It may also keep the Federal Trade Commission from making good on its threat to require a printed notice on every cigarette pack that the contents can kill you. (The companies prefer to have such authority rest in the Congress where sit their emissaries from North Carolina and surrounding fiefs.)

So there we are. If sales should actually begin to drop, then this effort at self-regulation will be, from the industry's point of view, a failure. If sales do not fall, then by the best criterion the rest of us have, it is worthless.

WALTER GOODMAN

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Virginia Woolf in her Madness

by J. M. Edelstein

Leonard Woolf's autobiography is being published in bits and pieces. It's enticing that way, with all of the annoyances and disadvantages of a serial, but also with a feeling that each installment has been lived over fully before being presented to us. The latest and third volume in the series, *Beginning Again: An Autobiography of the Years 1911 to 1918*, has just appeared to continue the story which began with Mr. Woolf's birth in 1880. It is the one volume we have been waiting for, of course, with its long account of the first years of marriage to Virginia Stephen, her madness, Mr. Woolf's early career as a political and literary figure, and the founding of the Hogarth Press.

Beginning Again:
An Autobiography of the Years
1911 to 1918
by Leonard Woolf
(Harcourt, Brace & World; $4.95)

The miracle of this delightful and important book, with its calm and deliberate understatement, is in its revelation of Leonard Woolf's love for Virginia and for her memory. How did the man do it? Months and months of days and nights in attendance upon this tortured and agonized woman, of makeshift and changing places to live, of a small income, even for those days, and the financial burdens of many doctors and a steady round of nurses – and with it all to be tender, thoughtful and humane, and to retain a perceptive sense of humor, in his life then as in his writing now! Not that this was Mr. Woolf's intention at all, but this chapter of his autobiography should once and for all destroy any remnants of doubt about Mr. Woolf's distinction as a person in his own right. He was more than just Virginia Woolf's husband, and an achievement of his life is that despite the demands of her position as a novelist and critic and the threat of her psychosis, Leonard Woolf remained an individual of integrity; and the achievement of Mr. Woolf's autobiography is that he can tell this penetrating and brave story with compassion and love.

Beginning Again, even more than the two previous volumes, is also a book for romantics, unabashedly so. As Leonard Woolf describes them, it is almost possible to believe with him that the days before World War I were truly golden ones, that "the main difference in the world before 1914 from the world after 1914 was in the sense of security and the growing belief that it was a supremely good thing for people to be communally and individually happy," and that "the war of 1914 destroyed a new and civilized or semi-civilized, way of life which had established itself or was establishing itself all over Europe." He paints lovely pictures of those days, full of bittersweetness and "that delicious melancholy which steals over one when one is completely happy and at the end of a summer day twilight steals across one's happiness."

Be it the end of summer, of the world before 1914, of happiness with Virginia, of the futile dreams and plans of that devoted group of artists, economists and philosophers of the Bloomsbury Group, the Cooperative Group, the Fabian Society, the Labour Party and all the others with a belief in a future – or simply the knowledge of the end of a sensitive man in his middle eighties (in this sense *Beginning Again* is a brilliant title) – Leonard Woolf's account is full of deep and gentle understanding. He is content to know that there are "tears for things":

> "My nurse, who had imbibed the traditional knowledge of the human mind that nearly all nurses have possessed since Odysseus's nurse Eurycleia 2,800 years ago burst into tears when she recognized the scar on his leg, used to call out to me when I was boisterously and unreasonably happy: 'Now, then, Master Leonard, now then, you know there'll be tears before evening.' *Sunt lacrimae rerum*, said Virgil in one of the most beautiful and untranslatable of Latin hexameters. There always were, as my nurse and Virgil said, *lacrimae rerum*, tears before evening. The use of the word *rerum*, in the plural, by Virgil shows that tears were the same 2,000 years ago as they are today; 'tears for things,' Virgil says, not for any particular thing – just tears before evening, as my nurse said."

And, as in the two earlier volumes, there is the stunning array of Leonard's and Virginia's friends and contemporaries, a roster of everyone who mattered in the intellectual life of England, and the piling up of anecdote upon anecdote about them. An unforgettable, and acid, description is Mr. Woolf's remembrance of Bernard Shaw:

> "If one met him anywhere, he would come up and greet one with what seemed to be warmth and pleasure and he would start straight away with a fountain of words scintillating with wit and humour. You might easily flatter yourself that you were the one person in Europe to whom at that moment the famous George Bernard Shaw wanted to talk, but if you happened to look into that slightly fishy, ice-blue eye of his, you got a shock. It was not looking at you; you were nowhere in its orbit; it was looking through you or over you into a distant world or universe inhabited almost entirely by G.B.S., his thoughts and feelings, fancies and phantasies."

The stories about others – G. E. Moore

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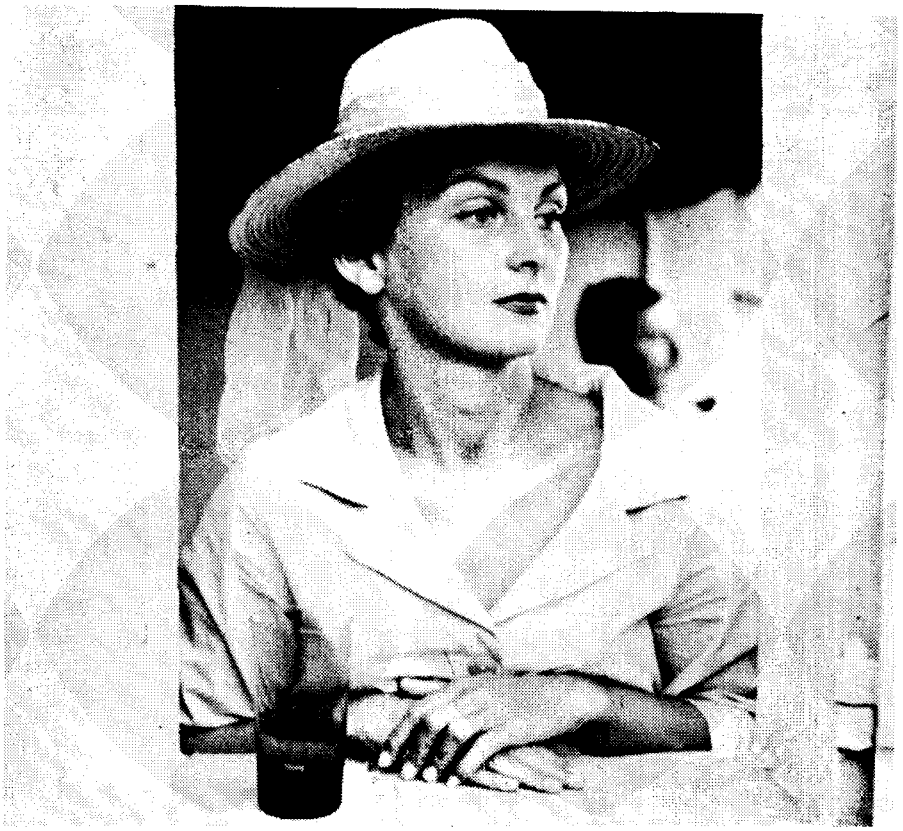

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(whose inspiring and stultifying "What do you mean by that?" permeated all of these lives), Maynard Keynes, Lytton Strachey (afflicted with "literary constipation"), Desmond MacCarthy, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, Ramsay MacDonald – are more than just charming vignettes and a background for the Woolfs' personal tragedies; they are a cultural history in themselves.

But *Beginning* Again is primarily the story of an unusual marriage, and of the precarious balance between genius and "normality." The story of Virginia Woolf's mental illness and her emotional instability is harrowing, but it is fascinating.

> "Pervading her insanity generally there was always a sense of some guilt, the origin and exact nature of which I could never discover; but it was attached in some way particularly to food and eating. In the early acute, suicidal stage of the depression, she would sit for hours overwhelmed with hopeless melancholia, silent, making no response to anything said to her. When the time for a meal came, she would pay no attention whatsoever to the plate of food put before her and, if the nurses tried to get her to eat something, she became enraged. I could usually induce her to eat a certain amount, but it was a terrible process. Every meal took an hour or two; I had to sit by her side, put a spoon or fork in her hand, and every now and again ask her very quietly to eat and at the same time touch her arm or hand. Every five minutes or so she might automatically eat a spoonful."

This nightmare of recurrent and profound depression, alternating with manic excitement, paranoia, delusion, utter paralysis of the will and several attempts at suicide, ended in 1941 when Virginia Woolf walked into the river Ouse and let herself drown. Early in their marriage, Leonard Woolf doubted Virginia's ability to stand the stress and strain of childbearing. In his words, the physicians that they had consulted "were strongly against her having chil-

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dren. We followed their advice."

But the heart of this book is Leonard Woolf's haunting use of the lines from Rilke's poem "Der Panther" which are printed as the book's epigraph:

> "His gaze from going through the bars has grown so weary that it can take in nothing more. For him it is as though there were a thousand bars and behind the thousand bars no world."

About them he says:

> "This volume is the record of my life during the first great war and all through the war one felt that one was behind bars, and now recalling those years it seems to me that one was looking at the world and one's own life through bars. But then another thought, a terrible doubt, came to me. There are other bars, permanent bars of the cage of one's life, through which one has always and will always gaze at the world. The bars of one's birth and family and ancestors, of one's school and college, of one's own secret and sinuous psychology. Has not my mind, my soul, if I have a soul, for the last 82 years been pacing up and down like the panther, backwards and forwards, behind these bars and gazing through them until, so weary, I have seen, not the world or life, but only the bars – a thousand bars and behind the thousand bars no world?"

The Institution of Blacklisting

by Richard M. Elman

"The jerry-built institution of blacklisting," The Fund for the Republic concluded in 1954, "is now part and parcel of life on Madison Avenue." By 1956 popular radio entertainer John Henry Faulk could be added to the list of the damned as an act of revenge; he had dared to challenge the leadership of his trade union, AFTRA, then a well-entrenched part of the blacklist apparatus. By 1958 Faulk, who had been heard regularly on the CBS network, was unemployable, a forgotten figure, penniless, doubting that he would ever have the opportunity or the confidence to perform again. But four years later he won a highly publicized multi-million-dollar libel judgment against his blacklisters, AWARE, INC. *Fear on Trial* is his personal memoir of those six painful years when he fell from grace through no fault of his own and was subsequently vindicated in an American court of law, but it is also an effort to make that vindication seem significant to the public life of this country. Mr. Faulk is not a professional writer. He reveals as much about what was done to him through inadvertence as he does through deliberate revelations. It is not a pretty picture: friends and business associates hailing him one day and deserting him the next; people believing lies because believing was less troublesome than demanding the truth. His book should be read because it testifies to the calumnies that were committed in the name of freedom by practically an entire society; it testifies also to the shabby compromises which the Cold War forced on the liberal consensus.

Fear on Trial
by John Henry Faulk
(Simon & Schuster; $6.50)

Unfortunately, John Henry Faulk does not always seem aware of the net losses which were revealed by his stunning courtroom victory. Approvingly he quotes his attorney Louis Nizer's opening remarks to the jury:

> "What we have brought for the first time so far as I know, is an issue before this court, whether an American court of justice is going to approve the kind of blacklisting that went on in this case for all artists, and which . . . Faulk makes a test of in his own case, and we're going to bring other evidence to you as to

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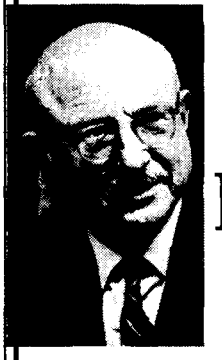

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—HENRY STEELE COMMAGER, *Book Week*

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how this operated on famous artists."

Totally undismayed by his attorney's rhetoric, Mr. Faulk thinks to himself, while waiting for his verdict, of the "long, long road I had come along from South Austin, Texas, to this courtroom in New York where a decision was being made that could possibly make history." And he concludes this sad little book on a curious note of optimism:

> "It would be gratifying indeed to think that if my lawsuit served no other purpose, it demonstrated that one does not *have* to keep silent when the vigilantes come running."

Indeed it would be gratifying if one could believe that the Faulk case was "a landmark in the return to sanity and the reaffirmation of the rights of the individual in America," as his publishers boast, but the record when set down by Mr. Faulk, largely from the transcripts of Mr. Nizer's courtroom behavior, do not prove out on that account. Was the issue of blacklisting tested? What was rejected beyond the libel *per se*? Mr. Faulk was patently not a Communist. In the context of his legal dispute with AWARE, Louis Nizer was able to demonstrate that some of our chief vigilantes were also scoundrels and liars. But Mr. Faulk had to go to elaborate lengths to establish his patriotism and good citizenship; and he also had to sit back and hear his attorney contend that Vincent Hartnett just did not have the proper governmental certifications to declare private citizens *non-persons*.

If that is all that could be legally encompassed by a libel case, why such immense rectitude? Beyond the fact that John Henry Faulk needs to feel that the absurdity he was put through had a meaning, there is also the fact that he could not help but share in a moral confusion about some of the issues raised by blacklisting. Does he believe blacklisting to be permissible under certain circumstances? Was his fight in AFTRA against every aspect of the blacklist? Though he and Mr. Nizer are to be congratulated for persevering in the face of apathy and hypocrisy on the part of nearly the entire entertainment industry, the truth is that, thanks to Nizer's winning adroitness, the jury never once came to grips with the issue of conspiracy to deprive a man of his livelihood. They granted Mr. Faulk better than a million dollars in damages because he had been inaccurately labeled a Communist sympathizer, but it was left inferential that if you wanted to blacklist somebody for his political views you would simply have to make certain – upon penalty of libel – that he or she could be verified a Communist.

How did this come to be accepted as a victory for freedom? One should recall that our dwindling number of domestic Communists (and even past Communists who have refused to make a public recantation) are not accorded the decencies which are commonly allowed other citizens of the Republic. Even liberals must now accept the fact

COMING IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE

- NATHAN GLAZER: NEGRO-JEWISH RELATIONS
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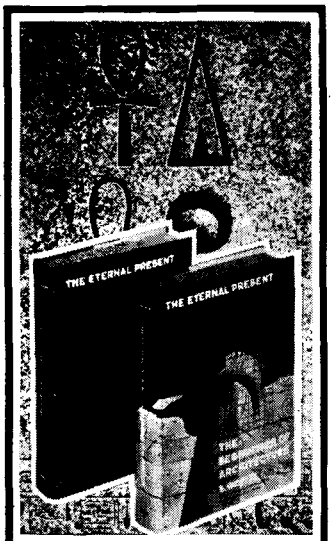

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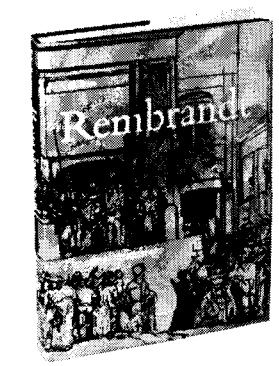

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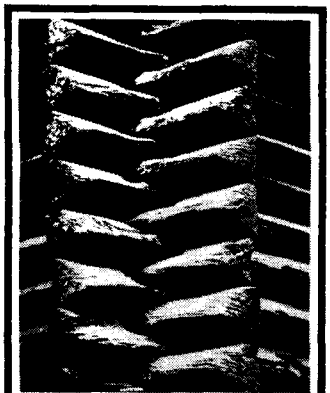

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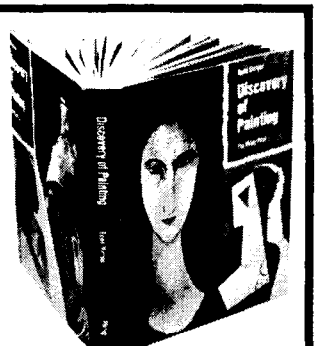

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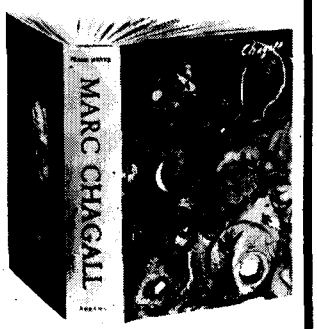

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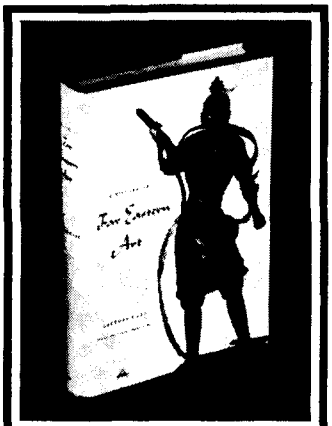

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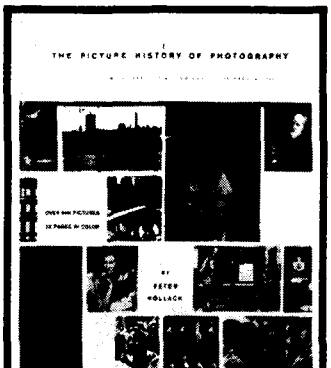

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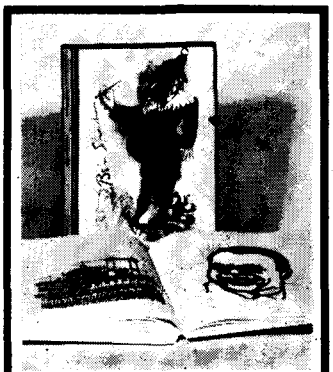

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that they have answered the threat of totalitarianism with a tyranny of their own assent. When the libel against Mr. Faulk was first being perpetrated, he went at the suggestion of his business manager to his cynical employers at CBS and agreed to write an affidavit for their salesmen to distribute, attesting to his anti-Communism. "There has been on file for the past five years in the offices of CBS," he wrote, "my signed statement, along with those of all other CBS employees, that I was not then, nor at any time a member of the Communist Party, nor of any Communist front, nor of any of the long list of organizations whose names were imprinted on the CBS form. I repeat now, and under oath, that I am not now nor have I ever been a member of the Communist Party."

If John Henry Faulk had not agreed to sign such an oath (which was instituted by CBS to head off McCarthyite attacks), he would have been fired on the spot. If he had not been willing to attest to his loyalty over and over again, there would have been no Charles Collingwood, or Edward R. Murrow, or even a Louis Nizer to take up his cause. No jury in this country, probably even today, would agree that systematic "adverse discrimination" for political beliefs in any industry was an actionable tort. Obviously aware of this, Mr. Nizer did not confine himself to the issue of blacklisting. He did what he could do for his client; he won back his good name and his right to earn a living. But this was only possible because Faulk had himself participated in the ritualism of the fifties. By attesting to his patriotism, his numerous brotherhood awards, his wartime services, his childhood ideals, he won the ordinary rights of a citizen.

The Faulk case did demonstrate that to call somebody a Communist can be libelous. Think of the future implications of that decision. Meantime, because this has become the liberal consensus on Communism, blacklisting continues. Mr. Faulk did not sue CBS which had, after all, fired him without cause. They, on the other hand, could claim they had a right to fire him if they could show they were losing business. As Mr. Faulk's business manager pointed out: ". . . There isn't a single one of them that wouldn't fire you if a decision is made to do so." But once CBS and Mr. Faulk and nearly everybody else in broadcasting, including the FCC, assented to the proposition that a proscribed political belief or association was legitimate grounds for job discrimination, the vigilantes had *carte blanche* to dig up all the crypto-Communists, fronters and subversives. Nobody could complain against these overzealous citizens (many of whom were merely opportunists) if you accepted the principle of blacklisting. About all one could object to then were the needless inaccuracies of judgment, the mistaken identities and other excesses which the Faulk case amply demonstrated were happening every day along Madison Avenue.

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The Backwaters of Arabia Deserta

by Elizabeth Monroe

Mr. Thesiger – once of Eton and Oxford – disclaims that he is a professional explorer, saying that he is but a plain man fleeing the pace, din and false emphases of modern life. By now, almost the only places in which he can do so are either so cold or else so fetid that they call for special stamina and equipment – oxygen cylinders, Sno-cats, or helicopters. But these, too, would not be to his taste. So he sought and found a spot where he could live among a people of his choosing, carrying only a rifle, a shotgun, a bag stuffed with blankets and spare clothes, and two tin boxes "one filled with medicine and the other with books, films, cartridges and odds and ends." These last included the camera that takes his book's superb photographs, which alone make it cheap at its price.

The Marsh Arabs
by Wilfred Thesiger
(Dutton; $6.50)

He may not be a specialist, but he is a practicing medicine man. When he first went into the marshes, no marshman could understand why he had come. Not for a moment could anyone imagine that Thesiger was so mad as to be paying for himself, and all mistrusted him until he won acceptance through willingness to wield a surgical knife. Though he is not a qualified doctor, he is bold enough, after years of interest in and observation of surgical operations, to circumcise, amputate, and even to take out an eye.

To the inventory of his material and technical equipment must be added his good colloquial Arabic. Thanks to it, his reader can eavesdrop on the ordinary talk of a likeable people, whose wit is part of their attraction. Naturally, they use it to greater effect in their own tongue than in Western languages, and here one gets the full savor of their comment on the facts of life, as well as of their quarrels, repartee and philosophy. There is something in the book for almost every reader who likes the wilds – the sociologist, the botanist, the hunter, the farmer, the boat-enthusiast. Even an architect or a musician will glean some unusual information from the description of the long reed guest houses called mudhifs, tawny-gold and as elegant as cathedrals, in which the marsh sheikhs entertain an honored guest.

Mr. Thesiger has produced a worthy addition to the good literature evoked by Arabia from predecessors such as Niebuhr and Palgrave, Doughty and Lawrence, and he has the advantage of them all in that his work is wholly free from the mannerisms that date or otherwise cumber their books:

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"As I came out into the dawn, I saw, far away across a great sheet of water, the silhouette of a distant land, black against the sunrise. For a moment I had a vision of Hufaidh, the legendary island which no man may look on and keep his senses; then I realized that I was looking at great reedbeds. A slim, black, high-prowed craft lay beached at my feet – the sheikh's war canoe, waiting to take me into the marshes."

Nothing is idealized; the scene is complete with its heat and cold, smells and pests, and utensils dipped into water from which the surface muck has barely been brushed aside. "One night in the marshes is enough for me," says his Arab host on the eve of his first journey into their mazes. But for him, a happy serene experience was to last for seven years.

But those years, alas, are unrepeatable. Even at the time of which he writes, and which was before the Iraqi revolution of 1958, a modern noise that he does not mention had broken the local silence. Flying far above the duck and teal, Iraqi Airways purred three times daily between Baghdad and Basra, carrying commuters who thumbed through their briefcases without a thought for the unimagined life in the wastes below. Even then, dams planned and being built on the upper reaches of the twin rivers threatened marsh life with an end to the seasonal rise and fall of waters on which its ancient rhythm depends. Because of the political confusion that has been Iraq's post-revolutionary lot, change has hung fire and the marshmen have enjoyed a reprieve. But this cannot last, because the Utopia of every Iraqi civil servant is a sort of giant suburbia that will take him in. On a more personal note, that same political upheaval has denied Mr. Thesiger the company of his chosen people, maybe forever. Foreigners are no longer tolerated in backward areas. "Come back soon," said his boat-boys as they saw him off in the unfamiliar surroundings of Basra airport. " 'Next year, if God wills', I replied, and joined the queue." But there was no "next year," and this is therefore a poignant book as well as a fine one.

"Preach, my dear Sir, a crusade against ignorance."
THOMAS JEFFERSON

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FILMS

Spirits, High and Low

One usual advantage of film over theater – that the work is permanently fixed – sometimes is a disadvantage. Some films are like promising out-of-town tryouts: good ideas that need alteration and focus. Such is the English picture,

Seance on A Wet Afternoon
(Artixo)
The Americanization of Emily
(M-G-M)
A Woman Is a Woman
(Pathe Contemporary)

Seance on A Wet Afternoon. The idea has plotty possibilities. A weak little husband is so in love with his demented wife, who is a medium, and is so riven with compassion for her, that he aids her criminal scheme to build herself up professionally. When the scheme goes further than foreseen, he devises a way out that does not destroy the most important thing in her life: her estimate of herself as a medium. All this is in the film but it is under partial wraps.

Bryan Forbes, who also directed, wrote the screenplay from a novel by Mark McShane and, after an overportentous exposition, moves the story along at what may be called Stage Two of emotional assumption. But Stage One has not been satisfactorily achieved. The device of letting a wife talk on and on to reveal the characters of both of them, while the husband simply feeds her agreement, can be effective. Here the talk is somewhat more roundabout than revealing; and the result is less a matter of our feeling than knowing what we are supposed to feel. The script needed another overhaul: to give the wife quicker, sharper definition, to provide more poignant opportunity for the husband's weak-protective quality.

Forbes' direction, too, is a bit laborious in the beginning, straining to make mystery in a situation that would be more ominous if it were more speedily set forth. Pace and variety soon improve, and the pick-up of some ransom money in the London underground is particularly well done. (Although, as is frequent in films, we have here another quiet semi-detached-villa soul who, suddenly plunged into criminal action, operates professionally.)

The picture has been nicely cast, with an attractive newcomer named Nanette Newman as a young mother. Richard Attenborough, with a revised nose, plays gently and affectingly as the husband, even though too often restricted, by script and director, to silent blinkings. Kim Stanley sounds English enough in this otherwise all-British cast and plays with intelligent design. Her voice sounds less childishly treble than it often does in the theater, but her face does not benefit by the camera's proximity – it lacks refinement of feature and expression. Also, she begins to display the Colleen Dewhurst syndrome: a flashing sweet smile to serve as transition into and out of all emotions, to indicate in a wan way that she is a superior, forbearing person. Still, undeniably, Miss Stanley has exceptional emotional power.

The choice of this material was, as the co-producers Attenborough and Forbes must have known, dangerous. Audience sympathy was hard to involve, serious relevance hard to find. As in Forester's old thriller, *Payment Deferred*, all there was really to aim at was a kind of pathetic suspense. The film tries for that goal with some strength and skill but never quite makes it.

If *The Americanization of Emily* is a financial failure, all Hollywood will say, "See? They don't *want* pictures on serious themes." And Hollywood will be quite right; few of us can want pictures like this on serious themes. Paddy Chayefsky's screenplay, from a William Bradford Huie novel (if that isn't enough right there), is set in wartime London. It deals with an American naval officer, an admiral's aide who has access to special supplies, privileges, comforts. He also has access to a non-conformist philosophy that would do credit to any bright high-school senior: *e.g.*, heroism is immoral, not cowardice, because heroism supports and encourages war. We never believe that a) his frequent, neatly typewritten statements ever issued spontaneously from any human being's lips; b) these sentiments could have been expressed so freely with impunity at that time and place; c) this man – as impersonated by James Garner – is capable of even these ideas.

Julie Andrews is an English girl who loves him and is pleasant except when she is supposed to be in the throes of desire. She is so incredible as an aroused woman that she makes the bedrolling slightly obscene where real pas-

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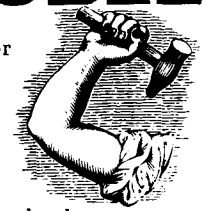

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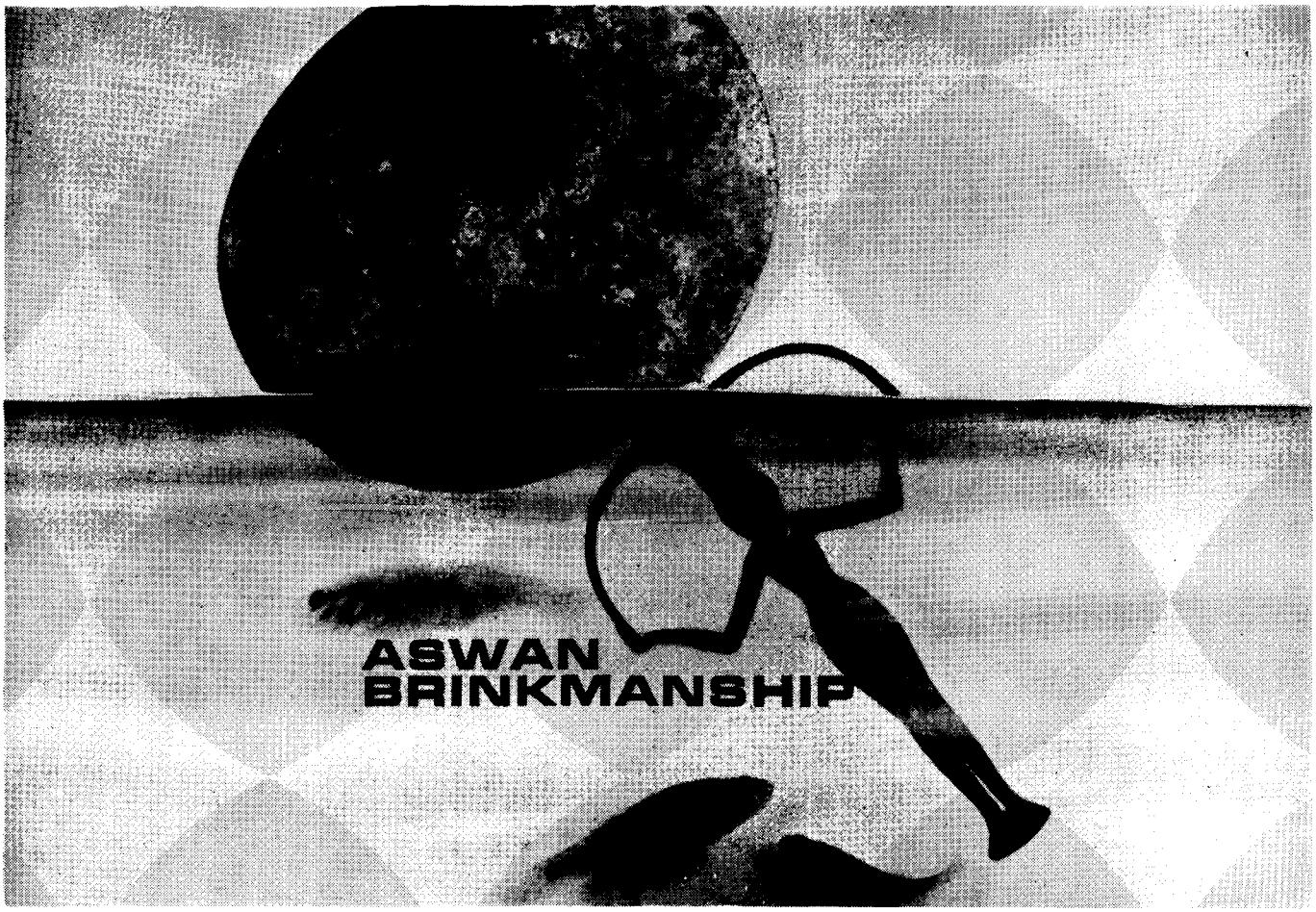
GREAT MOMENTS AT CHICAGO



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sion might have made it nice and normal. James Coburn gives a slick farcical performance as another naval officer, and Keenan Wynn has a brief good drunk scene. In fact there are several funny scenes (seasick D-Day troops throwing up in an LST as the Great Crusader's exhortation is read to them), but the picture is uncertain, contorted, unbelievable – and coldblooded about the war without the intelligence or wit to support that position. Melvyn Douglas, as the admiral, suffers most from a script that doesn't know from scene to scene where it is going.

A Woman Is A Woman, Jean-Luc Godard's latest film to be released here, is like a further initiation rite in a secret society. The cult argues that Godard is a director to the medium born, with such ease, freedom, daring that he largely ignores the "literary" cinema of story-form and revels in the resources of film as such; plays with them in *jeux d'esprit* that, through their own beauty, more than compensate for the absence of conventional elements. This would be quite acceptable if true. What we have here is a torpid and clumsy picture whose spirit and lightness do not compare with what some other directors have given us while telling a cohesive, well-constructed story. If Philippe de Broca had directed this very same material, he could have made it tolerable. But de Broca has already handled a comparable film with infinitely more success *(The Love Game).* Godard is a magician who makes elaborate uninspired gestures and then pulls out of the hat precisely nothing.

A young unmarried Parisian couple are living together. She, inevitably, is a strip-teaser; thus we are outside conventional unconventional morality. She wants a baby and he does not. She threatens to ask someone else to father it, and he angrily agrees. There is some flirting but no fathering. Finally the young man complies. All this is decked with tricks: words printed on the screen like chapter headings, poses, parodies, fancy cutting, all of which are supposed to provide cinematic texture. There are also a lot of annoying "in" jokes. Jean-Paul Belmondo, presumably amusing himself in the secondary part of the non-father, stands at a bar next

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to a girl. She turns around; it is Jeanne Moreau. (About as novel as that gag appearance of Crosby in Hope pictures.) He asks her how *Jules and Jim* is going. (Knowing chuckles from the clique.) She replies, "Moderato." (More chuckles, because they know that she has made a film, unreleased here, called *Moderato Cantabile.*)

What exceeds these objections is a feeling of distaste, founded on a suspicion that Godard is displaying his private life. The girl is played by Anna Karina, who is Mrs. Godard, a commonplace actress and unfascinating personality. The little games and teasings of the twosome seem reproductions of private frolics between Mr. and Mrs. G that he thought just too cute to keep to themselves. If I am right in this, he was wrong.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

ART

Two Privacies

Two large retrospectives now available in two cities are immensely rewarding for the sheer beauty of the pictures made available, and also offer, to the patron of the New York-Washington shuttle, an opportunity to compare French and American sensitivities. The shows are the Bonnard retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art, New York, and the Richard Diebenkorn retrospective at the Washington Gallery of Modern Art. Bonnard died in 1947 at the age of 79; he was thus the contemporary of Toulouse-Lautrec and 14 years older than Picasso. He was close to 40 when Picasso and Braque invented Cubism and, as far as the uninstructed eye can see in his work, he was never remotely influenced by Cubism or by any later art development. In the show at the Modern, there is one painting and one decorated folding screen, both done in his mid-twenties, which suggest Art Nouveau. That is his last, indeed his only, contact with contemporary fashion in art or with avant movements, Art Nouveau being both. In the year he was born, 1867, Impressionism was growing toward a peak of fulfillment and it is to this general manner that Bonnard turned, prolonging in his own work the life of that manner by half a century after it is supposed to have died with the arrival of Post-Impressionism.

Diebenkorn is no less a disturbing anachronism in the steady flow of orderly art history; in some ways he's worse, for if Bonnard's *retardataire* state can be attributed to his misfortune in being born too soon to get with it, Diebenkorn's is a conscious choice, a deliberate rejection of the iron law of artistic evolution. Both men, in fact, paint domestic scenes inhabited by domestic people, women for the most part. Diebenkorn, after a satisfactory artistic youth spent in manufacturing abstract expressionist arrangements of colored spaces, went haywire in 1955 of all years and began painting women sitting on porches with lawns and seas in the background. We live in a time of fundamental readjustment, a process touching everything from the Cold War to Roman Catholic theology, which, according to recent dispatches from the Vatican, is girding itself up to the monumental discovery that the earth revolves around the sun. The theologians in avant art are no less roughly put to it to adjust new values to old absolutes and the two exhibitions offer good examples of how to do it. Because of his apprenticeship

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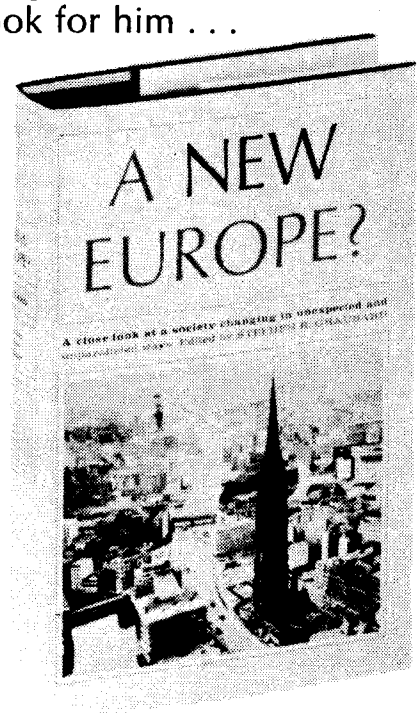

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to abstraction, Diebenkorn is the easier problem: the Washington show opens with a large selection of his youthful abstractions. In a way this juxtaposition goes right back to the early days of action painting, when we were assured that every dripper and smearer of paint could really draw like an angel if he wanted to. Now, as the movement sinks slowly into the past, it still commands enough respect and exercises enough authority to be used as a credential when identity is in doubt. In effect the Washington show gives an institutional blessing to Diebenkorn's paintings of the real, visual world because he has already proved that he can paint abstractly: he has earned the right to realism.

With Bonnard, in the absence of any such body of redemptive work in the mainstream, more drastic measures are needed and taken. The Museum asserts boldly that Bonnard was a "principal forerunner of contemporary abstract painting through his audacious compositions and his brilliant use of color," which is much like the Vatican Council declaring that Catholicism has always been in favor of religious freedom. In both cases there was just some misunderstanding now happily cleared up.

Theologians in both spheres are entitled to their ingenuities. Theology thus deferred to, the abstract pewholder can pass within the temple and, at both shows, comforting himself that the services are still in austere abstraction, nevertheless expose himself to saturation of color and light from the real world and to similar human responses to color and light as they fall upon familiar places and persons.

For here is the bond between these two artists in many ways so far apart. Both paint the same subjects and objects over and over again and you delude yourself if you imagine the repetition is technical. The older man had a greater variety. Still, a vast number of Bonnard paintings are included under three or four headings: a nude woman at her toilette, a view of the outside world from the inside of a house, a close-up of a table set for tea or breakfast or snack with the world in bloom seen through a big window behind the table. There are also still-lifes and self-portraits. In the inside-outside pictures there is an immense amount of color variation going on. The bathroom is tiled large on the walls, small on the floor, and each tile commonly is a color variation and is further varied within its square or lozenge. These graduations of color reflect themselves on porcelain fixtures and on flesh. There are no real repetitions at all; the beloved subject is always seen as if for the first time and painted with infinite care.

The finest American collection of Bonnard is that of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Phillips; from it comes "The Palm" in the Modern show, an amazing picture every time you see it. Five feet wide, the view is framed by close-in palm branches and bushes, all green splashed here and there with blossoms or sunlight. Within the frame is a bright Mediterranean town, ocher walls and red roofs; beyond that is a deep distance of town and harbor dim in blue and lavender. A small area at bottom center is in the same shade and ties the picture together vertically until you realize with a start that it is a woman in the foreground shadow, head and shoulders, holding an apple.

Without remotely imitating or duplicating this kind of arrangement, Diebenkorn again and again does get this odd effect between large space and figure. The specific effect of "The Palm" is closest in the Diebenkorn "Interior with Book." The interior is also an exterior through the wide windows and the book appears open on a table. Its reader has left a moment before. The notes struck here are found regularly in both painters: the modestly stated, almost invisible person held in place by a juxtaposition of a private domestic world with the brilliant world of outdoor sunshine.

The differences are great. They can be described in aesthetic and even technical terms, for the manners of paint are worlds apart, but the technique is intimately bound up with something other than itself, something that inheres in it. The myriad tiny brushstrokes of Bonnard reflect a patient and serene contemplation and the long history of the Mediterranean, where the light comes from. The thick, heavy, relatively few strokes of Diebenkorn recall his abstract expressionist apprenticeship, but they speak, too, of an American manner of perception, all at once seen in a flash of Pacific light upon a coast where the land ends and things are to be held firmly or lost. The differences are those of half a century, but both painters are essentially intimists and in our fondest times, so are we all.

FRANK GETLEIN

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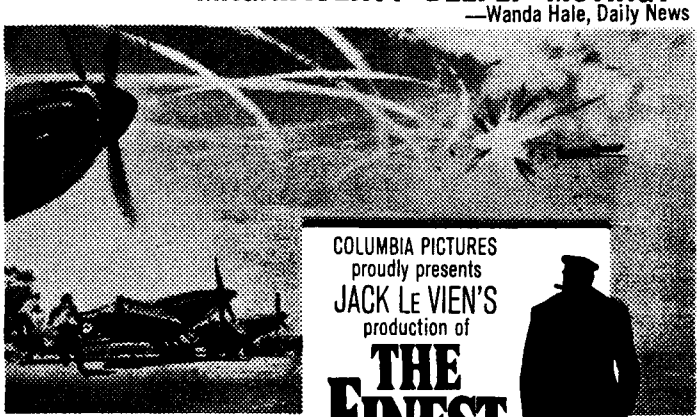
—Wanda Hale, Daily News



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RECORDS

Style and Technique

Glyndebourne is one of the few places in this world where opera is presented in carefully prepared and adequately rehearsed productions and with casts which not only change very little in successive performances, but in which the singer replacing another is as well rehearsed in the production as the other. The results are models of what performances of opera should be; and the few Glyndebourne Festival performances that have been recorded are among the most treasurable on records. They have included the unsurpassed pre-war performances of Mozart operas conducted by Fritz Busch (of which the *Don Giovanni* and *Cosi Fan Tutte* are still available on imported Odeon records); the excerpts from the post-war *Cosi* and *Idomeneo* conducted by Busch (of which the *Idomeneo* are available on Odeon 80722); the later complete *Idomeneo* conducted by Pritchard (on Angel 3574); the Rossini *Cenerentola* conducted by Gui (available on Odeon QALP-10066/7/8). And now we get on Angel 3644 (mono) the performance of Monteverdi's *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* – or rather, regrettably, an abridged version of it. This is Monteverdi's last work, with writing – convincingly realized by Raymond Leppard from the voice parts and bass line of the original manuscript – that moves one with its expressiveness and beauty. The performance conducted by Pritchard has admirable singing by Magda Laszlo, Richard Lewis (though his voice can no longer manage its higher notes with its former ease and beauty) and the others except Frances Bible, whose once fine mezzo-soprano voice, always afflicted with a strong tremolo, now has little but that tremolo left.

Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* – much smaller in scale than Monteverdi's work, but with the vocal writing of Purcell that is so remarkable, and in particular the florid writing that he makes so exciting – is on Vanguard BG-664 and BGS-70664, excellently performed under Alfred Deller's direction by Mary Thomas and other English soloists and the Oriana Concert Choir and Orchestra. The performance is one to acquire not in preference to the old Mermaid Theater performance with Flagstad's overwhelming singing (available on Odeon ALP-1026) but in addition to it.

The most beautiful of the excerpts from Handel's *Julius Caesar* on London 5876 and OS-25876 are sung by Joan Sutherland, and – except for *"Piangero la sorte mia"* – sung with an unattractive voice and in her annoyingly mannered style. But other good pieces are sung beautifully by Marilyn Horne, Margrete Elkins and Monica Sinclair. Richard Bonynge conducts the New Symphony Orchestra.

A year after *Julius Caesar*, Handel produced *Rodelinda*, most of which I find uninteresting. For those who are interested I report that it is sung well under Brian Priestman's direction – on Westminster XWN-3320 and WST-320 – by Teresa Stich-Randall (with her clear, steady but curiously dry soprano voice), Maureen Forrester, Hilde Roessl-Majdan and Alexander Young, among others, with the Vienna Radio Orchestra.

On the other hand, a year after *The Barber of Seville*, Rossini produced *La Cenerentola*, whose lyric, comic and florid bravura writing surpasses that of *The Barber*. The performances conducted by de Fabritiis – on London A-4376 and OSA-1376 – has Giulietta Simionato in the title role, with much of the bloom gone from her voice, but her style in melody and florid passages still a delight. And it has Bruscantini's excellent Dandini. But the other principals are mediocre; and so the performance to acquire is still the Glyndebourne that I mentioned earlier, with its superior singing and the stylistic impress of Gui's superior conducting.

Bach's superb Clavier Concerto No. 1 in D minor is played effectively on a delicate-toned harpsichord by George Malcolm with the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra under Muenchinger, on London CM-9392 (mono), and with the uninteresting Concerto No. 2 in E on the reverse side. Good as the performance is, the one Glenn Gould recorded on the piano for Columbia (on ML-5211) is even more impressive.

Unfortunately it isn't only great works of Bach that interest Gould but his least consequential keyboard exercise. And so on Columbia ML-6022 (mono) he wastes on the Inventions the marvelous playing one longs to hear in some of Mozart's concertos and Schubert's sonatas.

Whereas Beethoven's music retains its strength even in its quiet moments, Daniel Barenboim's playing of the music – in his performance of the Piano Concerto No. 3 on Westminster XWN-19078 and WST-17078 – does not, relapsing into an excessive delicacy that

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

J. M. Edelstein *is Librarian for Special Collections at New York University.* Richard M. Elman *works in educational television.* Elizabeth Monroe *is author of* Britain's Moment in the Middle-East.

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is unsuitable. And the same thing happens in Mozart's Concerto K.482 and Sonata K.570, on 19079 and 17079, in which Barenboim begins a phrase in the strongly articulating style variously exemplified by the performances of Schnabel, Fleisher and Gould, and ends it in the pallid style of Casadesus and most other French pianists, which a friend described accurately as "every finger a powder-puff." Somogyi conducts the Vienna Radio Orchestra and a Vienna State Opera group.

In Mozart's horn concertos, which have occasional beautiful writing, Barry Tuckwell's playing with the London Symphony under Maag, on London CM-9043 and CS-6403, seems as fine in tone and phrasing as one could hope to hear. But when one goes back to Brain's performances on Angel 35092 one hears additional delicacies of tone and subtleties of inflection.

Though the infrequently heard three Quartets Op. 55 of Haydn on Westminster XWN-19084 and WST-17084 are not among the examples of the Haydn operation rising to sheer incandescence, they offer much for the enjoyment of those whom that operation delights. And they are played effectively by the Allegri Quartet.

The animation, grace and nervous energy of much of Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique* are negated by Klemperer's lethargic pacing in his performance with the Philharmonia Orchestra on Angel 36196 (mono).

But I can report an effectively paced and shaped and fine-sounding performance of Mahler's Symphony No. 1 by Solti with the London Symphony on London CM-9401 and CS-6401.

Which brings me to one of the recordings of the year – of Mahler's Four Rueckert Songs, including the great *"Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,"* sung by Fischer-Dieskau with the marvelous voice that he molds and shades in the service of his extraordinary sense for the developing shape of the musical phrase and its expressive content. His singing here – and in the lugubrious *Kindertotenlieder* on the reverse sides of Deutsche Grammophon 18-879 and 138-879 – is heard in the beautiful contexts provided by the Berlin Philharmonic under Boehm.

B. H. HAGGIN

Correspondence

The Public Health Service

Sirs:

There are some errors in James Ridgeway's article concerning the reorganization of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and the Public Health Service (November 21).

He says that "the administration of water and air pollution" is "far afield from health" but there is a known relationship between smog and chronic lung disease, polluted water and hepatitis, etc. Why duplicate effort by setting up a separate agency when the Public Health Service maintains surveillance of communicable and chronic diseases (among others)?

The suggestion that Public Health Service "get busy" with "improving medical services throughout the country" is devoid of meaning. PHS acts *through* local and state governments, not separately from them. Much of the Public Health Service budget is spent on community demonstration programs. Many such programs are underway and functioning effectively. The main roadblocks to broader activity most frequently involve local inertia and lack of local or federal funds rather than lack of federal interest or manpower. While the Public Health Service operationally is far from perfect, it works within a framework dictated by Congress and influenced by state relationships. Responsibility for medical care for the poor is a local one and not applicable to the Public Health Service.

John J. Schrogie, MD
Washington, D.C.

Shadow and Act

Sirs:

Reviewing Ralph Ellison's *Shadow and Act* (November 14), Reed Whittemore writes that Ellison criticizes severely my alleged insistence that *"all* Negro writers should emulate Richard Wright and express 'black' anger and 'clenched militancy'." I don't know whether Mr. Whittemore troubled to check what I actually said, but I should like to inform your readers that I wrote nothing

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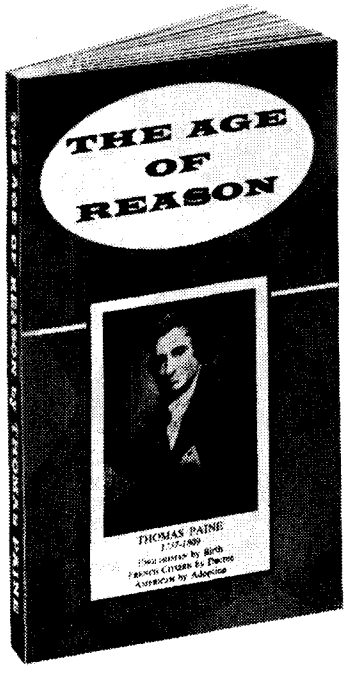

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Bigotry in California

Sirs:

Your Special Correspondent in California (November 14) suggests that the voters nullified the Rumford Fair Housing Act "more in mischief than malice." This is a rather euphemistic way of excusing Californians for overwhelmingly endorsing a proposition which, in effect, permanently confines the Negroes to the ghettos in which they now live, and which constitutionally prohibits the State Legislature from enacting future fair housing laws.

Proposition 14 was widely debated, more so than the Presidential campaign itself, so the voters cannot be excused on the grounds of ignorance. It was opposed by nearly every prominent political, church, and civic leader in California (with the conspicuous exception of George Murphy) and yet the proposition passed by a 2-to-1 margin, or 3-to-1 if you exclude the Negro and Mexican-American votes.

Make no mistake about it: the passage of this racist proposition is nothing less than a rather gaudy advertisement of the fact that the majority of people in California are bigots – perhaps not in the same league with Governor Wallace, but bigots nonetheless.

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San Francisco, Calif.

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The New Leader

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